

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, APRIL 20, 1796.

[No. 42.]

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MORNING REFLECTIONS.

THE clock struck three—with pleasing steps I descended the stairs, and entered solitary into the streets. Joyful in being alone, I examined the azure sky, and anticipated much pleasure in viewing the rising sun; I sped my way imperceptibly to the beautiful walks of the battery, and there entered into a field of contemplation, on the excellence of the Creator, the beauty of creation, and the art of man, displayed in every quarter. Ineffable wisdom broods in the east, and mildly promises peace and plenty to creation; and in the west, retiring slumbers pass away to those, who, from the toils of life, need repose far beyond those hills which serve as barriers to our mariners from storms. The rivers, how calculated to receive the riches of the world, and ease the husbandman from toil, by wafting down the tide their fruits, and in return to bear the luxuries of foreign nations to their happy dwellings. The sun now rises, the labourer begins his daily employment, and by the noise of his industry, drives the sluggard from his bed. Health in their countenances, with beaming virtue on their brows, mark the favour of creative love, and demands the early praise and gratitude of man. Rise then O man of sloth, and praise that God, whose bounteous hand has placed thee in a land of peace.

T.

NEW-YORK, April 13, 1796.

CURIOUS METHOD OF DISCOVERING A THIEF.

A Gentleman in the West Indies, who had a number of negroes employed in the sugar works, having been robbed of a considerable sum, called together his slaves. "My friends," said he, "the great serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money should, at this instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you," cried the master, "that robbed me; the great serpent has just now told me so." By this strange method he absolutely recovered his money.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE APPARITION.

TWAS night, gloomy night, when all nature was hushed in calm repose, when no sound was heard save that of the chirping cricket; as I lay musing in my bed, my thoughts assailed with gloomy apprehensions, and moping Somnus guarded the beds of numberless mortals, but mine alone he had forsaken; methought I had lost entirely his kind patronage, and in the course of half an hour had begged his assistance three times: when, dreadful to relate, the door turned on its creaking hinges, my heart turned in my body, and my body turned in my bed! I saw nothing, but heard the dreadful apparition approach towards me; my fancy painted his grisley beard and golden eye-balls shining against the wall with terror. It came on my bed, which I had already crept to the foot of; it pulled the cloaths, I pronounced a small ejaculation, and prepared calmly to meet my fate. A long silence ensued—then a shrill noise—another pause—and at last I had the fortitude to put out my head: when, to my eternal confusion, mortification, and disgrace, I saw——
Poor Puffey Cat.

ALEXIS.

NEW-YORK, April 14, 1796.

ELEGANT SENTENCES.

CHILDREN increase the cares of life; but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

Death opens the gate to good fame, and extinguishes envy.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.

He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.

It is an high speech of Seneca, after the manner of the Stoics, that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished: but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.

He that cannot see well, let him go softly.

HISTORY OF MR. WILFORT.

(Concluded from page 323.)

AT that instant an elderly, but robust Savage entered the Grotto: "Mighty Epamonon (said he) I will again kiss the dust in the caverns of Ormon, in gratitude for this new sacrifice to the ghost of my dear Nadine!"—At these words he raised his pointed javelin against Wilfort. Eumale rushed into the warrior's arms, and saved the impending stroke: "My father, I conjure you" (said she) by all that is sacred in the Cave of Ormon, to spare this innocent stranger; he is good, he loves you, and has no fault but his unhappy resemblance to those you hate."—Wilfort interrupted Eumale, and with the greatest firmness addressed himself to Thaol: "I fear not death (said he) for I have often sought it; but I would not wish to die by the hand of Eumale's father, because it would afflict her tender heart. Love, not hate, has put me in your power: I adore your daughter, I detest the Europeans, and have fled from their inhumanity; I never designed evil against you or any of your nation; and if you will bestow your daughter on me, I will set an example of filial duty to your other sons, and make her happiness the study of my life; but if your hatred cannot relent, and you resolve my death, strike—I will not defend a being, which must be miserable without Eumale."—Surprize, at hearing himself addressed in his own language, first abated the fury of Thaol's vengeance, by inclining him to listen to sounds he did not expect; and the calm valour of Wilfort, joined to the silent eloquence of Eumale's tears, completed the conquest of his rage.—"Christian" (said the Savage,) thou hast found the road to my heart and hast conquered by not opposing me, but I cannot give my daughter to thee; I have promised her to Orabski, and never yet was Thaol, or any of his tribe, known to falsify their oath.* But as I believe thee virtuous, for the contempt thou hast shewn for death, come and dwell under our tents in safety; I will protect thee from outrage, thou mayest guard my flocks and be happy. Follow me, or depart in safety."—Wilfort accepted with transport this offer which placed him near Eumale, and followed her father to his tent. The timid, but delighted maid, with downcast eyes, pursued their steps in silence. For above a month Wilfort remained in the tents of Thaol; he saw and conversed with his beloved Eumale every day; but their happiness was embittered by the approach of that sad one that was to divide them for ever: the roses fled from Eumale's cheeks, and the brightness of her eyes was dimmed by constant tears. Her father saw her sufferings with sorrow, but his word was sacred.

At length the fierce Orabski came to demand his bride. "She shall be thine (said Thaol) for I have promised; but let me tell thee, son, Eumale loves thee not, and for thy sake as well as hers, I wish that thou couldst find another wife amongst our tribe."

* Promise and oath are synonymous amongst the Indians.

The enraged Orabski instantly replied, "I will not wed the daughter of deceit; thou art a liar, Thaol, I despise Eumale; but beware my vengeance"—and immediately disappeared.

Soon after this, the good old Thaol completed the lovers happiness by their union. Wilfort proposed to his father-in-law and wife, to visit his former dwelling, and to bring from thence many little conveniences which Kador's and his own ingenuity had contrived to render life more comfortable. They agreed, and were delighted with the cultivation, and, to their ideas, elegance of the spot. When he had seated them in his little hut, he went to gather some of the choicest fruits which his demesne afforded, and wandered farther than he had first proposed, in search of some particular fine figs and oranges, which Kador had planted at various distances, to enhance their value and encrease his exercise.

But what words can express his horror, when, at his return, he found Thaol weltering in blood, and perceived that his Eumale was not in his dwelling! The good old Savage had but power to say, "This is Orabski's deed. He called me perjured villain! Thou knowest I would have given him my daughter had he required her hand, though well I knew her death would have been the consequence. He has torn her from my dying arms. Tear her from his, revenge his unjust contumely against my truth—lose not a thought on me—not all the medicines that grow upon the mountains can restore my ebbing life, nor do I wish they should, I go to join my ever dear Nadine. Take thou my quiver and my arrows, and recover thy lost Eumale, my Son—revenge our wrongs, 'tis my last wish!"

The distracted Wilfort, outrageous, desperate as a Lion robbed of his prey, ran wildly forth, now rushing down the valleys, now straining up the hills, now listening to each passing breeze, in hopes of hearing Eumale's voice; now loading echo with his loud laments, while day and night, in their continued course passed unregarded by his deep affliction. Whole months he wandered on in this sad state; hopeless and wretched, he knew not where to shape his course, or bend his weary steps; at length, exhausted with fatigue, he found himself upon the very shore where he had first been landed, and therefore resolved to end his hapless days a prey to sorrow, for his beloved Eumale.

It happened that a French man of war, in distress for water, had sent in her long-boat to search the shore for springs; the crew perceived this scarcely human object lying on a rock, and conveyed him on board the ship, where, with proper care and nourishment, he soon recovered his health, but not his happiness. The Captain of the ship, who was a man of humanity, as well as rank and fortune, on hearing his uncommon adventures, settled a small pension upon the unfortunate Wilfort, who now resides at Dieppe, a prey to grief and melancholy, where, from his own mouth the narrator has had this very curious and extraordinary history, which he has given without any exaggeration.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT.

Founded on a fact, which occurred in England a few years since.

"OH! I could have borne every thing but this—I have long been the sport of envious fortune, but still I was happy—happy in the smiles of an only child. She was all my comfort, for her I lived, and fondly hoped that I should have one that would have performed the last office to departing life, one that would have closed my eyes. That favour will be denied me—What! bereft of affluence! bereft of a daughter that I doated upon! my heart forebodes where she is, where I tremble to think—the conflict is too great—I cannot long survive—O Matilda! O my child! is it you that have made me such returns?"

Orlando had proceeded thus far, when he was led to his carriage. He had been to the seminary, where he had placed his daughter, to see what improvement she had made; he there learned that she had left the school the day before with an abandoned profligate, and had gone they knew not whither.

He bade the coachman drive to his lodgings.—As he was passing through — street, he caught a glimpse of his daughter at the window of a house of no repute. She disappeared immediately, when she saw him. The coach stopped at the door; he descended and went in, led by a servant. He feebly tottered to the first room, flung himself on a chair, and asked for Matilda. The woman seeing his equipage at the door, immediately sent word for the young lady to attend. The messenger returned, with word that Matilda would not be seen by any person, much less by the gentleman who was then there.

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Orlando, "does she then despise me?—willingly would I have forgiven her, and fondly clasped her again within these arms!—my brain is distracted! give me a glass of water!"—The water was brought—he swallowed a few drops—put his hand to his breast—declared his heart was breaking, and expired in a few minutes.

L. B.

NEW-YORK, April 14, 1796.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Solution to the Enigmatical list of Societies, in our last Magazine.

1. Calliopean,
2. Literary,
3. Information,
4. Ermenian,
5. Union,
6. Anacreontic.

EUGENE.

NEW-YORK, April 18, 1796.

LETTER FROM ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO HIS MOTHER OLYMPIAS.

ALEXANDER, sensible of the approaches of his last hour, sent for his Secretary, and dictated to him the following letter, addressed to his mother Olympias:

"Alexander, who yesterday was master of the whole earth, and who this day is to be shut up in her bowels, to Olympias, the most tender of mothers, whom he has so little seen, and whom he will never see again, greeting.

"My ancestors have laid open the way I am now going to enter upon, and I will lay open the same to those who shall come after me: thou, thyself, poor mother, dost tread in my footsteps; it is with men as with days; they rapidly succeed each other, and insensibly lose themselves in the abyss of eternity. Suffer not, therefore thyself to be seduced by the attractive charms of this deceitful world, the more its favours are great, the less are they durable. The tragical end of king Philip, my father, is of this a very striking example: his virtues, his triumphs, your warm wishes, and your love, nothing has been able to ward off from him the mortal blow that has forced him from you; and though I die in the vigour of life, he could not survive me. Support my loss with courage, and shed no tears: which will be equally unworthy of you and me. Spend in retirement the remaining part of your days; or, if solitude mingles horror with your thoughts, admit in your company those only who have not felt the shafts of adversity; their small number, if indeed on the earth there is any one constantly happy, will be for you a motive of consolation.

"For my part, I am just setting out; the mansion into which I am to be received, offer me a tranquillity which I could not taste here below. In the name of the tender bonds that unite us, suffer not yourself to be depressed by sorrows; it is the last proof required of your love by a respectful son. May this letter, which I date on the last day of my sojourning in this world, and on the first of my commencing a citizen of the other, mitigate your troubles, and solace your afflictions. I desire and hope it will be so; do not deceive a hope so full of consolation to me, and do not make sad my soul by immoderate grief.

Farewell."

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN THINGS.

Holycratus, the tyrant of Samos, was so fortunate, that he never met with any disgrace in the course of a long life, which made him presumptuously say that he had chained fortune herself to the wheels of his car. Yet nothing is certain but uncertainty! he was at length driven from his throne, deprived of every thing, and by his own subjects fixed to a cross, where he finished his career by an ignominious death.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 326.)

THE Count hesitated not to gratify me with the remainder of Amelia's history :

"They pursued their journey (he began) without meeting with any obstruction, and finished it with vowing an eternal mutual fidelity. The mother had been informed, by the aunt and her son, that her daughter was carried off, and that my brother was gone in search of her. She appeared therefore agreeably surprised, when he restored her lost child to her arms. She seemed to be struck with horror, when Amelia painted the danger which had threatened her at the church-yard, and thanked my brother again and again for his timely interposition. The obliging manner with which Amelia's mother received my brother whenever he visited her, left him no doubt that his most ardent wishes would meet no opposition, and he had agreed with Amelia to break the matter to her mother the following morning. My brother appeared, but on his entrance in the apartment of Amelia's mother, observed that the eyes of the former were red with weeping, and was welcomed by the latter with great coldness and overstrained civility. His heart presaged no good, however he attempted to make known his wishes. The mother pretended to think herself much honoured by his proposals, but lamented at the same time that she was not able to accept his advantageous offers, because her daughter was to be married to a man who had claims of an older date, and it was now too late to retract her promise. My brother was thunderstruck, and stared speechless at the mother and Amelia. The latter could restrain her feelings no longer, and shed a torrent of tears. The mother commanded her to leave the apartment. Amelia threw herself at the feet of her cruel parent, and my brother joined her in her endeavours to soften her callous heart, but in vain! The mother was inexorable, and Amelia was obliged to leave the apartment, bidding my brother a doleful farewell, and tearing herself from his arms, which had encircled her waist. The unfortunate lover tried every art to move the heart of that cruel parent, but all his prayers and supplications were fruitless. At length he was in despair, and hurried on by youthful rashness, broke through every law of moderation, charging the mother with want of maternal tenderness, complaining at the constraint she was laying on Amelia, and menacing to have recourse to the interposition of the legislature. The mother grew furious, and ordered him to leave her house instantly, and they parted with mutual exasperation.

"When my brother recovered the power of reflecting, he became dreadfully sensible, how much he had injured his cause by his inconsiderate rashness, and apprehended that every attempt of reconciliation would be

"useless. The event confirmed the justness of his fears. He wrote a letter to Amelia's mother, entreating her in the most submissive terms, to forgive him his impetuosity, but received no answer; he repeated the same attempt a few days after, but with no better success, and was seized with despair.

"His distress was increased by his being debarred entirely from the sight of Amelia, without whose consent he would not take violent measures. He was constantly hovering around her house; however, his endeavours to see or to speak to Amelia proved fruitless. He attempted in vain to bribe the servants by money and promises; all of them were entirely devoted to the relentless mother and rejected his offers obstinately. In order to leave no means untried he wrote to Amelia's aunt, described the whole situation of the matter, and his despair, conjuring her to interpose in his behalf.

"The good lady who had been thrown on the bed of sickness, by the shock which she had received by the carrying off of Amelia, executed his request instantly. Her letter was a masterpiece of eloquence, but the heart of the exasperated mother resisted every effort of persuasion."

"And Amelia? What did Amelia?"

"Her situation was a hundred times more dreadful than that of my brother. The sudden separation from her lover, at a time when they fancied themselves at the summit of felicity, the terrible certainty of never surmounting the obstacles opposing the consummation of their mutual wishes, the gloomy prospect which futurity offered to their eyes, and agonizing grief on account of my brother's forlorn situation; every—every thing conspired to wound her heart, and yet she durst not attempt to ease her afflicted mind by tears, her mother never losing sight of her; even that poor consolation was refused her by her cruel parent. 'He deserves contempt, but not tears,' the barbarous woman exclaimed, 'for having dared to offend me!' Amelia neither wept nor complained; however the furious agony of her mind which she durst not vent, preyed on her vitals, and reduced her to the brink of the grave. Meanwhile, my brother tried every means to repair what he had spoiled, and went to Amelia's guardian to implore his intercession; but this last expedient too was attempted without success; the guardian was informed of the whole affair, and entirely devoted to the mother. My brother made use of every thing that can seduce men, and overthrow the firmest resolution, but he failed in all his attempts, and nothing could change the mind of that inexorable man. My brother left him hopeless and desponding.

"He had now attempted every means, one excepted, which was to have recourse to the assistance of the law. A desperate step! and yet no other choice was left him. He could easily foresee that this way would be not only the longest, but also the most dangerous, as the mother certainly would do every thing in her power to bribe the judges, many of whom were unfortunately her

"friends, or related to her, a circumstance which gave him very little hope of success; however, stern necessity bade him try this last expedient, as the only one which was left him, and my brother was just going to attempt it, when the face of affairs suddenly changed.

"Charles, Amelia's brother, was meanwhile secretly returned to Paris, in order to assist his mother in executing an infernal plot which tended to ruin Amelia's happiness for ever. He hated his sister because she was hated by her mother, whose darling he was, and the decease of his father, whose last will was more favourable to his sister than to him, had made him her most violent persecutor. He knew too well that Amelia never would be happy without my brother; a sufficient reason for him to oppose their union with all his power! The first treachery which he had committed, was his having betrayed the secret of their mutual passion to his aunt, the second, his having introduced the Greek in her house, and last of all—you scarcely will believe that it was he who had proposed first to carry off his sister! Now he was come to complete his villainous work. His arrival having been carefully concealed from my brother, he could safely put in motion the secret springs of his machinery, without being suspected, and execute his diabolical treachery, while my brother apprehended nothing of that nature.

"One morning the latter went to hear mass at the Dominicans. His wandering looks observed, accidentally a young lady, sitting in a pew not far distant from him. She viewed him attentively, but cast down her eyes, whenever his looks met hers. He was struck with surprise, and viewed the lovely figure attentively, but could not recollect ever to have seen her. No sooner had he turned his look from her, when he perceived by a side glance, that her eyes were again directed to him, and turning to the prayer-book when he seemed to observe it. Curiosity prompted him to make his trial repeatedly, and the effect proved always the same. Mass was over, and every one retired; the young lady stayed, and my brother did the same. She was young and beautiful like an angel; his looks rested with silent pleasure on her lovely form. At length she arose, looking once more at my brother, and left the church. His curiosity was raised to the highest degree, and he followed her closely; but how great was his astonishment, when she stopped at the church-door, apparently waiting for him. Coming up with her, she said with crimsoning cheeks, and an amiable confusion, 'I do not know whether I am not mistaken; however, according to the description which a certain Amelia has given me of you, I scarcely think I am.'—'How!' my brother exclaimed, 'you know Amelia?' 'I am connected more intimately with her,' she replied, 'I am her friend. But will you favour me with your name?' He complied with her request. 'Then you are the very per-

son to whom I have been directed by my friend.' 'By Amelia?' my brother exclaimed with astonishment. 'Dear sir, don't speak so loud; for heaven's sake be silent lest we be overheard. Follow me to my house, and you shall know every thing.' My brother was in a trance of rapture, and obeyed the charming unknown, as if an angel had spoken to him.

"They conversed on indifferent matters on the road, and being arrived at the door of the house, the lady said, 'you need not be reserved in the presence of my mother; she knows your whole history, and takes a warm interest in Amelia's concerns.' They entered the parlour and were received by a respectable matron, who begged my brother to be seated, when Lucy (this was the young lady's name) told her who my brother was, asking her daughter whether she had executed the commission of Amelia. She replied, she was just going to do it. My brother was all attention. 'I have observed some time since,' Lucy began, 'that Amelia appeared gloomy and reserved, and conjured her several times to tell me the reason of it, without succeeding in my anxious endeavours to discover the source of her grief. Yesterday I was at length so fortunate as to see her for a few minutes in private, her mother being absent, and was informed of her melancholy history. She painted her misfortunes with colours so lively, that I was moved to tears. Perceiving the emotion of my heart, she strained me to her bosom, groaning with deep affliction: 'O, my dear Lucy, endeavour to see the unhappy man, and speak comfort to his afflicted mind; conjure him not to despair. Tell him that my mother persists immutably in her resolution, and that no other means of accomplishing the mutual wishes of our hearts are left, except a sudden flight; tell him'—Here Amelia was interrupted by the entrance of her mother, who left us no more—and prevented her from explaining her wishes more at large.'

"'This is quite sufficient!' my brother exclaimed, 'did she not say that no other expedient was left but flight? This is all that I wanted to know! We will flee, and conceal ourselves in some remote corner of the globe. O! it was an excellent idea, nothing can be executed more easily. Heaven be praised; we yet may be happy.'

"The old lady shook her head. My brother laughed at her doubts; joy and love having rendered him like a drunken man, who sees no dangers, where a sober person shudders with terror. However, the old lady who feared this intoxication might prove fatal to his affairs, did not suffer him to leave her house before he had promised to do nothing without having consulted with her.

"The first care of my brother after he had left her, was to enquire who his unknown friends were, and was informed that the old lady was the widow of a French officer, who had died two years ago, and left his wife and daughter a sufficiency to live easy and comfortable. My brother was satisfied with that account.

"Coming the next day at the appointed hour, to Lucy's house, he was informed that Amelia was ill, and had been watched so closely by her mother, that it had been impossible to speak to her in private. Lucy told him the same the day following, endeavoured however to persuade him that Amelia's indisposition was of no dangerous nature.

"On this third visit at Lucy's house, the latter met him at the door with the joyful intelligence that Amelia was better—'But'—added she, pausing a moment, while my brother looked at her with anxiety—'I am going to tell you great, very great news.' 'And what does that intelligence imply?' 'That you are to be married to me!' My brother was struck with amazement; yet he recovered soon from his astonishment, thinking Lucy was jesting. 'You believe I am joking!' Lucy resumed with a serious countenance, 'but I assure you, you are mistaken; I am your bride as true as I am alive, and what will raise your astonishment still higher, you will ruin yourself and Amelia, if you refuse to do homage to my charms.' My brother did not know what to think of the matter, and was utterly confounded. At length, Lucy took a paper from her pocket book and gave it him; he scarcely could believe his eyes, when he saw the direction was from Amelia's hand. 'From Amelia?' he exclaimed with sparkling looks—'yes, yes! I know her hand!' But, alas! it was no more than one line; '*Do whatever Lucy shall desire.*' 'Is this sufficient for my legitimation?' the young lady enquired. 'But what relation have your credentials to your information that you are, and must be my bride?' my brother asked with evident marks of curiosity and surprise. 'That mystery my mamma will unfold to you!' was her answer.

"'I consulted yesterday,' the matron began, 'how Amelia's elopement---for I too can see no other expedient but flight---could be effected in the easiest manner. On mature deliberation, we found that the execution of that design, which appeared so very easy to you in the first heat of passion, is surrounded by almost insurmountable obstacles. Or do you think it a trifle to deceive the watchfulness of her mother, who guards Amelia night and day, and the officiousness of the servants who are watching all her steps? and to carry her off by violent means, you know, would be too dangerous. I and my daughter have racked our brains in vain, a long time, in order to devise some feasible plan for effecting her escape, but no sooner had we found out one, than we were obliged to give it up again. Suddenly a thought flashed through my head; should it not be possible to lull the mother's watchfulness asleep, if we could persuade her that you had seen Lucy by accident, and fallen in love with her, and despairing of ever being united to Amelia, had desired her in marriage! I communicated this idea to my daughter, who, at first, would not consent to act that part; however, her friendship for Amelia conquered at length the objections of her delicacy, and she yielded to my request. It was necessary to communicate the new plan to Amelia, and

"to hear her opinion. Lucy was so fortunate as to see her for a moment in private; she found the plan excellent, and consented without hesitation. Now every thing depends upon your opinion, and we are desirous to know what you think of it.' My brother was surprised and affected by the unexpected kindness of his new friend, and stammered his thanks—but Lucy exclaimed:—'Spare your thanks and rather tell us your opinion!'

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 327.)

"So saying, he threw himself into the carriage, and drove away, while Louisa placed her arm under mine, and we proceeded slow and thoughtful toward home. 'He is quite out of sight,' said she at length, turning her head with a sigh. 'He will never tread this path again.' 'Perhaps not, my child (replied I), but he has promised to write to us often, and though the conversation of such a friend is much to be desired, yet since it cannot be obtained, we must not only be contented with such of his sentiments as he may favour us with, but must consider them as his valuable substitutes.' 'They would certainly be a precious acquisition to our little library,' said she smiling, 'but I fear in that great city where he has so many friends, he will forget us.' 'It cannot be (replied I) for though the generality of men are prone to ingratitude, yet I believe Julius to be one of the few who treasure in their mind, the remembrance of past kindness; but should I be mistaken—should Julius indeed forget us; we will solace ourselves with the reflection that we have done our duty, and we will consider him as dead!'

"At our return to the house, we found some of our neighbours sitting at the door, who had come to spend the evening with us; and had brought with them a young lady, who with her mother had come from the village of, and was going to New-York for her education. We passed the hours as usual, in cheerfulness and innocence—Louisa alone did not seem to relish our rustic chat as formerly—she conversed but little, and now and then turned her bright eyes with a thoughtful air towards the gate, as though there was some one still expected whose presence was necessary to render our festivity complete. The girls perceived it, and upon enquiring for Julius, and being informed of his departure, they failed not to rally her upon what they termed the loss of her lover; piqued at the insinuation of her gravity proceeding from the grief occasioned by his absence, she exerted herself, and soon assumed a gaiety equal to ours, and when the company retired, intreated my permission to pass the night with my neighbour's daughter Elinor and the young stranger, whose name was Julia Raymond—to which, as it was a common request, I consented.

"Mrs. Raymond and her daughter staid in the neighbourhood near a fortnight, during which time Louisa contracted a close intimacy with them, especially the former, who being a well educated woman, and exceedingly intelligent, could not fail of rendering herself agreeable; however, notwithstanding the satisfaction which Louisa seemed to take in her company, I could not but mark with agony the melancholy change in my child's appearance. She grew thin, her colour and strength forsook her, nor did her eyes beam with their wonted lustre—and though she still retained a great flow of spirits, I feared lest some secret care lay rankling in her bosom. 'Alas!' sighed I to myself, 'the sorrows of my heart are about to be enlarged.'

"I disclosed myself to Mrs. Raymond. 'Is it to be wondered at? (asked she) have you not given her an education that qualifies her for society, and do not you exclude her from it?—You procure her books that give her an idea of the world and its pleasures, and you here immure her in this doleful mansion in the middle of this frightful forest, where, except a few Indians, and a half score of rustics little less barbarous, she sees not the face of a human being. You perceive her to fade daily—surely she sighs for society, and her affection for you, alone prevents her from complaining. Come, make the experiment; I go to New-York in a few days, and will return again in less than a month, let her go with me.' I drew a deep sigh. 'You are apprehensive sir, but I will watch over her, as over a precious deposit, upon whose safe delivery depends the peace and perhaps life of a worthy but superstitious Hermit.'—I consented. 'Come Louisa,' said she, when the girls came in, 'you are going to the city with us for a little while, you are melancholy child, and it is only because you are deprived of those blessings to which you have an indubitable right. It was in vain for her to expostulate; we were all convinced that it was necessary for her health, and she was obliged to comply—yes—a few days after, I pressed my weeping darling to my bosom, and bade her a reluctant—a sorrowful adieu!

A N N A.

(To be continued.)

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

A Messenger arrived one day, and informed Racine that he must on that day dine with his Prince; to which the affectionate father replied:—"I cannot have that honour. It is seven days since I have seen my children: they are rejoiced at my return: I must dine with them: they will break their hearts to lose me the moment I am returned. Pray be so kind as mention my excuse to his Highness."

Racine derives more glory from this instance of parental affection than from all his poems,

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

Last Saturday evening, Mr. MOTT HICKS, Merchant, of this city, to Miss ESTHER COCK, late of Buckram, (Long-Island).

At Boston, on Sunday se'nnight, Mr. MATTHEW L. DAVIS, Printer, of this city, to the amiable Miss SARAH EAYRES, of the former place.

Mr. ALLAN POLLOCK, merchant, of this city, to the amiable Miss POLLY BRADLEE of Boston.

On Saturday evening, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Elifson, Mr. CHARLES R. WEBSTER, Printer, to Miss CYNTHIA STEELE, both of Albany.

On Wednesday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, PHILIP BROTHERRSON, Esq. of Demarara, to Miss CATHARINE BROOKS, of Connecticut.

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. PETER CONREY, to Miss ELEHAH DUYKINCK, both of this city.

Same evening, at Jamaica, by the Rev. Mr. Faitoute, Mr. RICHARD VAN LEW, of that place, to Miss POLLY CORNWELL, of Foster's Meadow.

On Sunday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. GRANVILLE SMITH, to Miss ELIZA KENNEDY.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. WILLIAM WOOD, of this city, to Miss ANNE CRAIG, of Philadelphia.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 10th to the 16th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.			
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100		8.	1.	6.	
APRIL 10	39	50	45	87	NE SE NW	cloudy	clear	cloudy	
11	42	75	53	53	W. do. do.	clear	do.	do.	do.
12	48	50	58	50	W. SW. W.	cloudy	do.	do.	do.
13	51		57	49	NW W SE.	clear	do.	do.	do.
14	48	50	50	25	E. do. NE.	clear	thunder	and rain.	
15	46	50	51	49	NE do. E.	cloudy	do.	do.	clear
16	48		49	47	NE, do. do.	cloudy	do.	do.	do.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

While journeying on the road of life,
Depress'd with grief and anxious care,
If I possessed a virtuous wife,
With pleasure ev'ry ill I'd bear.

Her sympathy would ease my woes,
Her smile would heighten ev'ry joy;
If she'd befriend, I'd fear no foes;
With her, what could my peace destroy?

NEW-YORK, April 15, 1796.

H.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Lines addressed to a young Lady who bewailed the death of her Lover.

Sweet Emily, disturb not Alfred's rest,
He loves thee still, and still adores thy charms;
His gentle spirit sleeps in terra's breast,
Secure from envy's malice and alarms.

NEW-YORK, April 15, 1796.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH:

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

(Continued from page 328.)

"SIR knight, thy lady sends thee this,
 "And yields to be thy bride,
 "When thou hast proved this maiden gift
 "Where sharpest blows are try'd."

Young BERTRAM took the shining helme,
 And thrice he kiss'd the same:
 "Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
 "With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold,
 Then fix upon a day
 To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
 And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,
 A thousand horse and more:
 Brave WIDDRINGTON, tho' sunk in years,
 The PERCY-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
 And range the borders round:
 Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
 Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
 Hath heard the hunters cries,
 And rushes forth to meet his foes;
 So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command,
 A thousand warriors wait:
 And now the fatal hour drew on
 Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
 Advance before the rest;
 Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
 And thus his friend address'd:

"Now, BERTRAM, prove thy Lady's helme;
 "Attack yon forward band;
 "Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
 "Or perish by their hand."

Young BERTRAM bow'd, with glad assent,
 And spur'd his eager steed,
 And calling on his Lady's name,
 Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
 The livid lightning rends;
 So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
 Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
 And keenly pierces thro';
 And many a tall and comely knight
 With furious force he flew.

Now closing fast on every side
 They hem Sir BERTRAM round:
 But dauntless he repels their rage,
 And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm,
 Had well-nigh won the field;
 When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,
 And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
 And rest his helm in twain;
 That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift!
 — His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
 Amid the unequal fight;
 "And now, my noble friends," he said,
 "Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
 He o'er the warrior hung;
 As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
 To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
 Three times they quick retire:
 What force could stand his furious strokes,
 Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathered round on every part,
 The battle raged again:
 And many a lady wept her lord
 That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
 There all their courage show'd;
 And all the field was strew'd with dead,
 And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
 The Scots reluctant yield,
 And, after wondrous valour shown,
 They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields,
 And weltering in his gore,
 Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
 To WARK's fair castle bore.

"Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love
 "Her father kindly said;
 "And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 "And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came,
 Fair ISABEL ne'er appears:
 "Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
 "Young maidens have their fears."

"Cheer up my son, thou shalt her see
 "So soon as thou canst ride;
 "And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 "And she shall be thy bride."

Sir BERTRAM at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound;
 Fond hope supply'd the nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

PART THE THIRD.

One early morn, while dewy drops
 Hung trembling on the tree,
 Sir BERTRAM from his sick-bed rose,
 His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
 Of courage firm and keen;
 And he would tend him on the way,
 Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
 By many a lonely tow'r;
 And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
 Ere they drew near her bower.

(To be continued.)